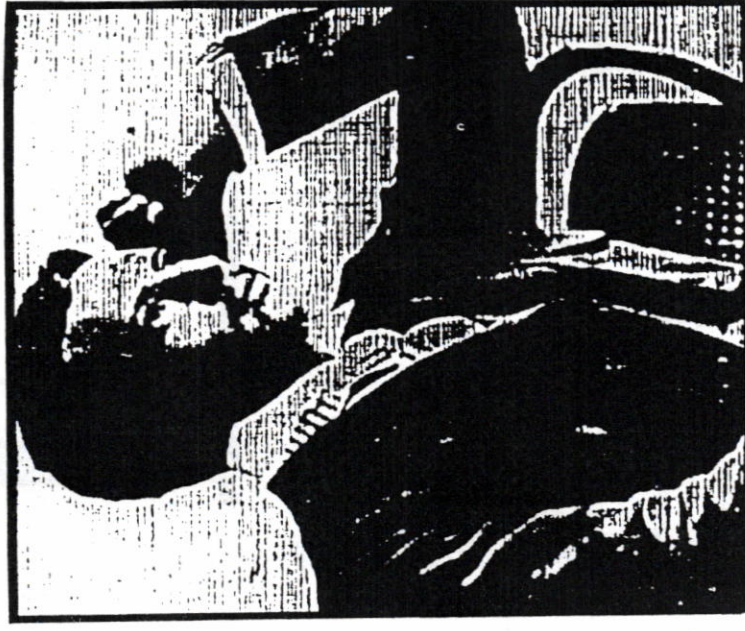


WORKING



Praxedis G. Guerrero



What is PFAFS?

People For A Free Society (PFAFS) is a non-profit, Anarcho-Syndicalist collective. The main focus of our work is on that of education. We publish pamphlets, host Book Sales, run a mail-order book and information distribution and many other projects to help educate our community, and surrounding communities, about the values which Anarchism possesses.

We believe that our current social structure is based on mass exploitation, political scapegoating, injustice, poverty, inequality, oppression and war perpetrated by a small ruling minority on the vast majority of workers and poor. And it will not end until we are all either locked up in prisons or are living helplessly under the thumb of "Big Brother."

Therefore, in order to create a society based on mutual aid, self-sufficiency, self-determination, justice, equality, peace, human solidarity and complete individual and collective autonomy (without the interference from any form of Authority) the current social structure must be abolished so that Anarchy may take its place.

We do not believe in violence. Violence is a reaction which Authoritarians use when they feel that their power and authority is being threatened. We believe in the collective power of the workers and the poor to successfully defeat the tyranny of Capitalism and Authority (e.g., Industrial Direct Action, Unions, The General Strike).



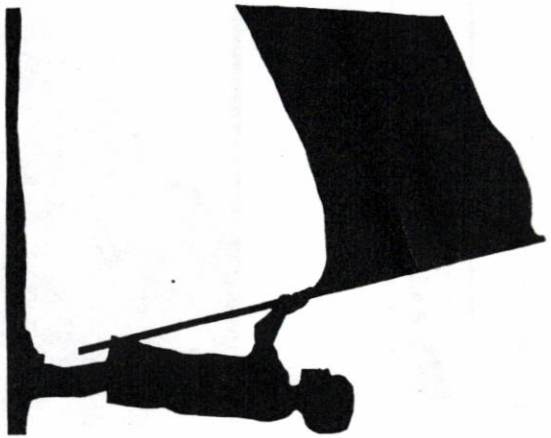
If you would like to get involved with us, or would like to learn more about Anarchism, please write to us at: Cat', PO Box 711012, LA, CA 90071. (Please do not write "PFAFS" on the envelope, thanks).

finger and spelling out the pages of absurd books, the priest runs to the house of ignorance; he preaches charity and he gets rich from dispossession; he speaks lies in the name of truth, he prays and deceives; he works, he works. What does he work for? to stupefy people and to split the ownership of the lands with the despots.

And so, gloomy and pensive, the revolutionary meditates; he leans over any old piece of paper and he writes strong phrases that hurt, that shake, that vibrate like the bugles of a storm; he wanders and he ignites with the flames of his words, the extinguished consciences, he sows rebellion and discontent; he forges the weapons of freedom with iron from the chains that he destroys; restlessly, he goes through the crowds taking to them the ideas and the hopes; he works, he works. What does he work for? So that the peasant can enjoy the products of his care, and the miner, without sacrificing his life, can have plenty of bread; so that the seamstress can sew dresses for herself and can also enjoy the sweet things in life; so that love can be the feeling that, honoring and perpetuating the species, can join two free beings; so that neither the king of industry, nor the judge, nor the henchman spend their lives working in detriment of mankind; so that the priest and prostitute both disappear; so that tyranny, despotism and ignorance all die; so that justice and freedom, rationally making all human beings equal, can make them into solidaristic builders of a common welfare; so that everyone has, without having to descend into degradation, an assured right to life.

-Regeneration, Oct. 8, 1910

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Over the fallow land that reverberates to the rays of the sun, with his skin tanned by the inclemency of the outdoors, his feet and hands cracked, the peasant works; he comes and goes over the furlows, dawn finds him up, and when the night comes, he is still grasping the tools and he works, he works. What does he work for? To fill up the barns that are not his; to pile up sustenance that rots waiting for scarcity while the peasant and his family can barely eat; to acquire debts that tie him down to the feet of his master, debts that will burden generations of his descendants; to be able to vegetate for a few years and to produce serfs who, when he dies, will plow the fields that consumed his life, and to give some feminine toys to the bestiality of his exploiters.

Sweaty and panting in the humid bottom of the mine, a man struggles against the rocks while his life is caressed by death, which he resembles in the paleness of his face; he dynamites and he hammers; he works while rheumatism filters across his tissues and tuberculosis weaves its deadly arabesques in the whiteness of his suffocated lungs. He works, he works. What does he work for?

so that a few concealed persons can put gold on their garments and in their rooms, to fill the vaults of some miserable misers; to exchange his flesh for few metallic discs, made from the rocks he has brought to the surface by the ton; to die young and to abandon his beloved children in misery.

In a ramshackle hovel, sitting on a humble chair, a woman sews; she has eaten poorly, but she sews without rest; when others go out for a walk, she sews; the day runs out, and she keeps sewing with the light from a lamp, and little by little, her chest caves in and her eyes need to be closer and closer to the poor light that steals her brightness, and her coughing becomes her companion for her late nights. Silks, beautiful and fine textiles, they pass under the needle; she works, she works. What does she work for? So the lazy women, aristocratic ladies, can attend the tournament of ostentation and envy; to stock luxurious wardrobes, where the garments will mildew while she clothes her premature old age with rags.

Wrapped in flashy trimmings, loaded with pungent perfumes, her withered face dyed, and faking affectionate overtones, the prostitute stalks men in front of her door, which was damned by the very prudery that forced her to take the ephemeral charms of her body to the social market. That woman works, a horrible job she has, she always works, she works. What does she work for? To acquire dirty diseases; to pay the moralizing State a sin tax and to atone for other people's crimes in her world of revulsion and filth.

At a luxurious desk, the king of industry, the lord of capital, calculates; the figures are born in his brain, and new combinations, far from the opulent dwelling, go to diminish the heat of the home and the chunks of hard bread of the proletariat; he works, he works, he also works. What does he work for?

To amass superfluity in his palaces and to worsen the misery in the shacks; to take away from those who fabricate his wealth the food and shelter that their hands produce; to keep the dispossessed from ever insuring their right, that nature gave everyone, to live; to make sure that a great part of humanity remains as a flock that becomes impoverished without protest and without danger.

The judge feverishly searches in the volumes that fill the shelves of his study; he checks books, he jots down chapters, he turns over files, he browses through lawsuits; he rummages through the statements of alleged criminals; he toughens the criminological inventiveness of his brain; he works, he works. What does he work for? So he can justify all social errors with a legal pretext; to kill the natural rights with his written rights; to make sure that the whims of the despots are respected and feared; to always present to the eyes of man the dreadful head of Medusa on the stage of justice.

The henchman goes by the doors, listening, his beady little eyes peeking through the cracks, he studies the faces trying to distinguish the characteristic features of rebellion; his ears stretch trying to perceive all the noise that could be alarming to the despotism; he disguises himself, but he cannot hide; the henchman has his own particular smell that gives him away; he can just as quickly become a worm or a snake; he rattles, he sways, he slips through the crowds, trying to read thought; he sticks to the walls as if he wanted to suck out the secrets within them; he hits, he kills, he chains; he works, he works. What does he work for? So that the oppressors can have tranquility in their palaces, erected over misery and slavery; so that humanity cannot think, cannot right itself, nor march toward emancipation.

Pointing up to the sky with his evil,